

# The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 30, 1892.

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## Every Household

In which there are young children, should be provided with the unequalled medicine, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the best remedy for croup, whooping cough, sore throat, and bronchitis. It is cooling, healing, always effective, agreeable to the taste, does not interfere with digestion, and is the most economical of all similar preparations.

For croup, pneumonia, whooping cough, loss of voice, colds, and sore throat, take

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Promptly acts, sure to cure

## JAS. P. GOSSETT & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

## One Price Dealers in BOOTS AND SHOES,

ANDERSON, S. C., HAVE AGAIN BROKEN THE RECORD.

They are selling some lines of Boots and Shoes by the single pair for less money than the same goods can be bought again at wholesale.

### They Buy Bargains and they Sell Bargains.

They have the finest opportunities for buying and handling Shoes of any House in South Carolina. They are the only house in upper Carolina having a man directly connected with the Manufacturers—their Mr. J. P. Gossett being the Agent and Salesman for the celebrated Bay State Shoe and Leather Co., of New York, one of the largest Boot and Shoe Manufacturing concerns in the world.

They are the only exclusive Shoe House in Anderson. They are the only ONE PRICE HOUSE in Anderson. They have one of the largest and best assorted stocks of Shoes in the State. They are carrying a full line of SOLE LEATHER—Hemlock and White oak—from 1 1/2c. per pair up. A full line of Out Half Soles from 10c. per pair up. Their One Dollar Bargain Counter is a great success.

The biggest and hottest Store in Town, and a welcome and a warm to all. COME AND SEE US.

## FURNITURE

## AT PANIC PRICES.

The Greatest Bargains in Furniture ever offered in South Carolina are offered at

## G. F. TOLLY & SON'S, DEPOT STREET.

They have the Largest, Cheapest and Best Selected Stock in the State, and challenge any Furniture House in the State for a comparison of prices.

WALNUT and OAK SUITS cheaper than they can be bought in any factory. BUREAUS at prices unheard of before. PARLOR SUITS cheaper than any. AND EVERYTHING in the Furniture line.

Come and see for yourselves and be convinced that what we say is true. Come and look at our Stock, whether you want to buy or not. We will be pleased to show you around.

Caskets and Coffins furnished Day or Night.

## G. F. TOLLY & SON, Depot Street, Anderson, S. C.

## LOOK HERE!

## CATCH ON TO THIS!

WE have too many Goods to carry, therefore for the next SIXTY DAYS we offer our LARGE and HANDSOME STOCK—

### AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,

CONSISTING OF Military, Notions, Shoes, Handsome Dress Goods, Priestleys Henriettas.

Also, the handsomest lot of SILKS, in all the new shades, that has ever been brought to this market.

Ladies' and Misses WRAPS and JACKETS in every style. Glance at our Bargain Counter and see what you can do. "Come one, come all, And get your share of all."

Respectfully, LADIES' STORE.

## OUR LEADER FOR 30 DAYS ONLY!

ALL OF OUR

## DRESS GOODS

AT COST FOR CASH,

Including all our Fall Purchases.

HENRIETTAS, CASHMERE,

SERGES, BROADCLOTHS,

BEDFORD CORDS,

LADIES' CLOTHS, in blacks and colors.

The Cashmires you pay elsewhere 20c. for we will let you have at 15c. The 36c. line at 20c, the 40c. line at 25c, and the 50c. line at 35c., the 75c. line for half a dollar, and the dollar line for 75c.

You will save on a \$2.40 Dress Pattern 60 cents, on \$3.00 Pattern the same amount, but the difference on the finer goods is greater: On \$4.80 you save \$1.80, on the \$6.00 line you save \$2.00, on the \$9.00 line you save \$3.00, on \$12.00 line you save \$4.00.

Remember, this sale will be only for Thirty Days.

# Sylvester Bleckley Company.

### MOSBY'S RECOLLECTIONS.

A Southerner's Reasons for Accepting the Results of the War.

I never saw General Grant until May, 1872, when I called on him at the White House in company with Senator John F. Lewis, of Virginia. At that time my home was at Warrenton, Virginia, and I frequently visited Washington. Once I had seen General Grant with General Sherman in a box at the theatre. They seemed to enjoy the fun of the play as much as "the gods" in the gallery.

Not long before I called on General Grant I rode some distance on the Midland railroad with Senator Lewis, who, being a Republican, was very friendly terms with the administration, and we talked a good deal about the President. Like most Southern men I had been opposed to the policy of reconstruction, and of course was opposed to the Republican party, which he represented.

At that time my name was a monstrous horridness to the Northern imagination, and so do not a large majority of the best people of that region sincerely believed that my men fought under the black flag inscribed with a skull and crossbones.

General Grant was then as much misunderstood in the South as I had been in the North. The kindly feelings which his noble conduct at Appomattox had aroused was almost obliterated by his becoming the candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency.

When he became President he found three Southern States under military government, the others under carpet bag rule, and nearly all their prominent leaders under political disabilities. At the close of his second term nearly all disabilities had been removed, the iron-clad oath repealed and the Southern States restored to the control of the best citizens.

My conversation with Senator Lewis, while not confidential, was not intended as a message to General Grant, and I had no expectation of it being repeated to him. It was only a week or so before the nomination of Horace Greeley I had then no idea of ever voting the Republican ticket. The prejudice which had survived war and reconstruction, as well as any ambitious hopes I may have cherished, all impelled me the other way.

In the South the Democratic party has appropriated the glory won by the Confederate army, and of course it enjoys the benefit of the resentments created by defeat and the devastation of the country by the Northern armies. My war record could be of no advantage to me with the Republicans. For the same reason in the North the Republican party gets the benefit of all the war feeling that survives. There never yet was a party or politician who would not utilize any prejudice that exists to gain power. It makes no difference whether the prejudice be rational or not.

I was a member of the bar. My State Congressional District and County were all Democratic, or Conservative, as called. If I had desired political honor or place I would have sought it at the time of reconstruction, when it was hard to get eligible men to fill the offices. Never having held an office before the war, I was not excluded by the reconstruction laws from either holding office or voting. Greeley was nominated on a platform ratifying all that the Republicans had done. Having accepted the principles, I could see no objection to voting with the party.

The Democrats went over to Greeley—he didn't go with them. Their battle cry was "reconciliation." The term implies past hostility. Logically, it meant voting with the Republican party. We did not need any reconciliation with the Democrats.

As Grant represented the North it seemed to me that the proper way to get reconciled was to vote for him just as Gen. Lee surrendered to him at Appomattox when he saw that the cause for which he had fought was lost. To throw away the influence of our votes on Greeley seemed to me as absurd as for Gen. Lee to have surrendered his sword to a sutler when he concluded to stop fighting.

The Southern people abandoned opposition to the laws the Republicans had passed. They said that they only wanted them administered in a friendly spirit by their own people. I thought this object could be obtained by their supporting Grant. I did not differ with them about the end, but the means which they undertook to accomplish it. I desired a change as much as they did, and thought the desired change would result from a change in their relations to the national administration.

I do not reproach any one who differed with me, but twenty years have since rolled away, and I am of the same opinion still. I believed then, as I believe now, that if the South had made an Alliance with Grant, the carpet-bag government would have fallen by a natural process, just as a rotten apple drops from a tree, and all that the crew would have been driven from power without violence. If Grant recognized that set it was simply on the principle that the English support the Turk—because the Turk is their ally against the Russian.

As soon as Greeley's nomination was

known I wrote to Senator Lewis that I was for Grant. He replied that he had repeated to General Grant our conversation on the ears, and that he had sent me a message to come and see him. I went immediately to Washington, had an interview with Gen. Grant and told him of my intention. I felt assured from my conversation with him that he earnestly desired perfect peace between all sections. But this could not be secured without the harmonious action and co-operation of the Southern people with him.

If he should quit his party and come over to them he would come short of his strength. The South must come to him. The bloody chasm between them and Grant was no wider than the one between them and Mr. Greeley.

I had never before been in the White House. When I walked with my son into his room where Grant was sitting, his presence inspired something of the awe that a Roman provincial must have felt when first entering the palace of the Caesars. His manner soon relieved me of embarrassment and restored my self-confidence. He immediately began telling me how near I came to capturing him on the train when he went up to take command of the Army of the Potomac. I laughed and said, "Well, Mr. President, if I had caught you, things might have been a little different now. You might have been calling on me." He answered: "Yes, perhaps so."

I told him that I intended to support him, and that if he would hold out an olive branch to the South by getting Congress to pass an act relieving our leading men from the disability imposed by the fourteenth amendment, I thought we could carry Virginia for him.

He said that he would see what could be done about it. I knew that he was in favor of universal amnesty, he had recommended it in his last message. A bill to that effect had passed the house, but had been defeated by an amendment tacked to it by Sumner in the Senate.

Two or three days after my interview General Butler reported an amnesty bill (I have no doubt at Grant's suggestion), which was rushed through one night while Sumner was asleep.

The iron-clad oath had already been repealed, and I was eligible to any office, State or Federal. On the contrary, nearly all the men who might be my competitors, if I had political ambition, were under the ban of the fourteenth amendment. Nobody but a politician would have discovered an unworthy motive in my asking Grant to use his power to set them free. General Epps Hunton, who had been a distinguished Confederate soldier, and was afterward one of the electoral commissioners, was thus liberated and sent to represent my district in Congress, while I was denounced through the State as an apostate. A charge more unjust was never brought against man since Socrates was accused of corrupting the Athenian youth.

Grant was elected by an overwhelming majority, and it was no fault of mine that the Southern people did not participate in the triumph. Shortly after the election I received a note from Grant requesting me to come to Washington to see him on business. I went. He spoke of my services in the campaign and his desire to reward me. I told him I had repeatedly said that I would not accept any office from him. I never did. Yet people generally believe that he appointed me Consul at Hongkong.

It was a painful thing to break away from old associations and traditions, and go against the current of opinion in the South.

I never subscribed to the doctrine that a man "must go with his people" in party contests. If that is so, then the minority is always wrong, and every demagogue who floats into power on a popular wave is a patriot, Judas Iscariot can claim the full benefit of the maxim.

In the moral as well as in the material world there is often an apparent motion in one direction when the real motion is in the opposite.

So men could not for a long time understand why Columbus sailed to the West in search of a passage to the East. Byron swam the Hellespont by going partly with the current. If he had measured his strength with the waves he would have never reached the Asiatic shore.

During Grant's second term I was frequently at the White House. I never failed to see him but once. He was then in the hands of a dentist. He appointed a good many of my friends in Virginia to office just to oblige me, and he never once asked a question about their politics. Some of them had voted against him.

I never heard him speak a word about the war that would wound the most sensitive Southern man. He once remarked to me that if he had been a Southern man he would have been a Southern soldier. Of his old army comrades who took the Confederate side he always spoke in the most affectionate way.

Speaking of Stonewall Jackson he once said to me: "Jackson was the most conscientious human being I ever knew. If he would have persuaded him that it was his duty to put his head into a cannon's mouth and have it blown off—and it would not have been hard to convince him—he would have done it without hesitation."

He once appointed a worthless Virginian to office, and I expressed surprise that he should have done it. He said that he had appointed the fellow because he had represented himself as the brother of a Confederate general who was killed in the war and who was his instructor at West Point. I told him that it was not true, and that the man had just been released from the chancery for whipping his wife. Grant laughed heartily at the trick and revoked the appointment.

Dan Voorhees once said to me that the virtue that made Grant lovable in private life were the source of the great mistakes he made as a public man. And this was true. "His very feelings leaned to virtue's side." No man ever had a more trying position to fill. He found the South in a state of anarchy, the whole country seething with the passion

of war. "Steep and craggy," says Emerson, "are the paths of the gods." On the night before he left Washington on his tour around the world I called to bid him good-bye. At parting I said, "General, I hope to see you President again." He was silent.

We next met at Hongkong. He was then a private citizen, and by a curious turn of the wheel of fortune I was representing the United States. When the signal gun was fired that announced that his steamer, in sight. I went out in a boat to meet him in company with an old Virginian who, having gone to Hongkong before the war, was still unrecruited and that the war was never really convinced that the war was over until he saw me shake hands with Grant. He and Mrs. Grant were standing on deck at the head of the gangway as I approached. I said: "General, I want to introduce you to the last rebel, Dr. Lockhead, of Petersburg, Va. He says he is willing to surrender to the man that General Lee surrendered to." Mr. Grant spoke up: "I bespeak liberal terms for the doctor." Grant said: "Well, doctor, I now parole you, and hope you may be a loyal citizen."

He spent some days in Hongkong as the guest of the governor, Sir John Pope Hennessy, and made a trip up the river to Canton. The Chinese could not be made to believe that he was not still a great potentate.

One morning at breakfast at the Government house he was describing Palestine, and said: "The road from Jericho to Jerusalem is, I believe, the worst in the world; certainly the worst I ever traveled."

I was sitting by Mrs. Grant on the opposite side of the table, and remarked: "General, I think you have traveled one rougher road than that."

He asked me, I replied, "From the Rapidan to Richmond?" He laughed and said: "Well, I believe there were more obstructions on that road."

He made a visit to Macao, a Portuguese colony about forty miles from Hongkong. By invitation of the governor I went with him on his steam launch to the United States man-of-war, Ashuelot, that carried Grant and his party up the China coast. Just as we started to return to the shore the Ashuelot began firing a royal salute of twenty-one guns in honor of the governor as the representative of the crown. The launch stood still until it was through. The general and Mrs. Grant remained all the time on the deck of the man-of-war. When the guns ceased firing we started away. I raised my hat as a last farewell and General Grant raised his. I never saw the great soldier again.

An incident occurred while he was in Japan that strikingly illustrates a very distinguishing characteristic—fidelity to his friends. An American in Japan asked one of his traveling companions, in General Grant's presence, if he had met "Mr. Mosby at Hongkong. General Grant, quickly detecting the sneer that lurked in the question, said to him: "My friend, Colonel John S. Mosby," laying emphasis on my military title.

But to return to the origin of our friendship. I was with my command in northern Virginia, near the Potomac, when I heard the news of General Lee's surrender at Appomattox. Mine was at that time the organized Confederate force in that section. Stanton immediately ordered Hancock, who was then commanding at Winchester, to issue a proclamation offering the same terms of parole to all Confederate soldiers in Virginia that were given to Gen. Lee, but excepting "the villain-Chief Mosby." Hancock obeyed the order, which condemned me to choose between exile or being shot as an outlaw.

Without having received any communication from me, Grant ordered Hancock to offer me the parole he had given General Lee. I was afterwards introduced to Hancock by my friend Chadwick in the city of Washington. He was a superb gentleman. He told me that Stanton was solely responsible for his making an exception of me. I have since found among the war records Stanton's instructions to Hancock.

After I had settled down to practice law I was arrested a number of times on no particular charge by provost marshals, who were stationed at the military houses in every County. In order to be forbidden to go out of the State, but my wife made a visit to Baltimore, and on her way she stopped in Washington. She had never indicated to me that she intended to go to see the President. He and his father, Beverly L. Clarke, of Kentucky, had been personal friends and Democratic members of Congress together before the war.

She went to the White House and told Andy Johnson whose daughter and whose wife she was, and complained of me being arrested; for a parole is a contract that binds both parties to it.

The vulgarian was simply rude and insolent. She left the White House and went straight to General Grant's office at the war department. He received her with all the courtesy he would have shown to the wife of a Union General, and wrote a letter of protection giving me liberty to travel anywhere in the United States. I have the original now—the whole of it in his handwriting.

About the same time Grant did another act that showed his generous impulses. A Virginia boy who belonged to my command crossed the Potomac with a party one night during the last winter of the war. They got in to a fight, in which a government detective was killed. The boy was captured and sentenced to the penitentiary by a military court. His mother begged Johnson to pardon the boy, but he sternly refused. She told her sorrowful story to General Grant. He went with her to see Johnson, and told him that he would not leave the room until he signed the warrant for the boy's pardon. Johnson did so.

On the day before I left Hongkong a dispatch came announcing General Grant's death. I felt that I had lost a true friend as any man ever had. The friendship of Pylades and Orestes was never more sincere than mine for Grant.

### Whimsical Bets.

UTICA, N. Y., November 12.—James K. O'Conner will start next Wednesday noon to trundle a barrel of apples in a wheelbarrow from the City Hall here to the World office in New York. If he fails he forfeits \$50, and it is to be peddled with stale eggs at the point where he gives out.

Mr. O'Conner is an ex-Assemblyman, was the first Republican of note in New York to declare for Cleveland, and stumped the State for the Democratic ticket. He is a shrewd political calculator, and towards the close of the campaign he predicted in his speeches that Cleveland would carry the State by 50,000. He told his friends so privately after he came back from his tour.

On election night he sat in the City Hall receiving the returns, with a number of other well-known Democrats. When the big majorities for Cleveland in New York and Brooklyn came in, he repeated his prophecy. Nobody doubted him there.

As he was leaving the City Hall to go home, he met Theodore W. Bradshaw, a Republican, and told him Cleveland had won, and would probably carry this State by 50,000. Bradshaw said he thought Harrison would carry this State. "If Cleveland doesn't get 50,000 majority in New York State," retorted Mr. O'Conner, "I will wheel a barrel of apples from Utica to the World office, in New York City. If I fail in the undertaking I will pay you \$50."

After the returns came in from all the counties Mr. O'Conner admitted he had lost the bet and said he would either have to pay Mr. Bradshaw \$50 or wheel the apples to New York. As he is a good pedestrian and of a rugged constitution he decided, for the novelty of the thing, to walk the apples to New York.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., November 12.—The Boston steamer which sailed from here yesterday took Assistant City Solicitor Norris S. Barrett, John J. Moloney, who was defeated for Congress, and Cornelius M. Smith.

The two latter are enthusiastic Democrats, and they make the trip as guests of Mr. Barrett, a Republican, who backed his confidence in Harrison's election to the extent of all expenses for the trip on a week's trip to Gloucester, Mass.

Moloney and Smith, who pride themselves on their physical strength, declared that if Cleveland was elected they would swim from Ten-pound Island to Norman's Woe in Gloucester harbor, fully a mile and a half, and they will attempt it on Sunday or Monday no matter how cold it may be.

BOSTON, Mass., November 12.—One of the most unique bets in the campaign was settled at Waltham, when Harry Bicknell jumped, fully dressed, into the Charles River and swam around for a few minutes.

Henry R. Austin, who weighs 280 pounds, engaged a wheelbarrow ride from Dedham Centre to Readville, nearly three miles. Robert S. Fulton, a Republican, furnished the muscle to propel the wheelbarrow. A drum corps and torch and transparency bearers accompanied the man.

Next Monday Charles Hawkins, of Dedham Centre, will walk backward to Norwood and return to pay an election bet. The distance is eight miles.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., November 12.—"I bet on Harrison and Reid" is the legend in red and blue chalk on a large placard which decorated the front of a hand organ, being ground on Vine street by a stylish dressed man, William Nelson, who agreed if Harrison lost to play a hand-organ in the streets of this city for six hours, and on inauguration day to go to Washington and play in front of the reviewing stand as the parade goes by. In addition he also bet half his month's salary in advance and all his ready money—a little over \$50.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., November 12.—T. Vinton Murphy, for many years a gauger in the New York Custom House, and youngest son of ex-Senator Thomas Murphy, fulfilled his part of an election wager this afternoon. Mr. Murphy lost on Harrison, and taking Mr. William R. Warwick, a contracting roofer, upon his back, he carried him through the prominent streets, surrounded by children and headed by a brass drum. The streets were crowded, and people were willing spectators to the novel sight. The Senator witnessed his son's feat and applauded him for courage.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., November 12.—John Lithgow, a foreman of Engine Company 19, Germantown, will sit as a target to-day until William Bennett, a horseman, throws four dozen eggs at him.

The wheelbarrow has been so common that its fulfillment attracts little attention, while barefooted men, otherwise fully dressed, men with faces half shaved and other peculiar losses are very numerous.

He agreed to do this if Cleveland was elected. The Camp George B. McClelland United Veterans Army Drum and Fife Corps marched in front of the wheelbarrow, carrying United States flags. The barrow was elaborately decorated with bunting and Diller wore a flag around his shoulder. Coughlin carried a picture of Cleveland in his lap.

The procession attracted a big crowd. On the way up Centre street Diller had to stop and rest and wipe the perspiration from his face. Another stop was made to allow him to treat Coughlin and the members of the drum corps.

CANTON, O., November 12.—Albert Jones, the solitary Republican in Winesburg, Holmes County, has been cutting cord of wood in the public square since election. A band plays when he stops to rest. Hundreds of Democrats have been gleefully watching him for three days.—New York World.

Where Divorce is Easy. Pennsylvania is a State of easy divorces, the prevailing case being "incompatibility of temper." A correspondent of the New York Sun, writing from Roulette, Potter County, mentions several interesting cases which have come over the border from New York. One farmer from Allegheny County, N. Y., well-to-do and a third time married, has sued for divorce on the usual ground, his complaint being that, having prayed for his own children at family devotions and forgotten those of his wife by former husbands, she commanded him to go through his prayer again and mention the whole family by name. This he refused to do until she had grasped him by the hair with both hands, and pulling him down on his knees, held him there until he had knelt his prayer to standing in a New York Divorce Court.

Rather than grant a separation for such a cause the Judge would fix up a prayer for the pious couple on which they could agree unless the woman had a countless army of relatives.

Another suitor for divorce from Allegheny County is a young woman of 18 who married a man of 70 years. A week after the wedding a neighbor on an adjoining farm died, leaving his widow the estate and \$13,000 in securities. When the old husband heard of this he seized his young wife, who had brought him no property, and shaking her with violence, swore that but for her he could marry the rich widow. After shaking her all around the house he locked himself up in a room, from whence he emerges once a day to shake his wife and eat a meal.

As a Pennsylvania divorce is absolute, allowing both parties to marry again, it is supposed that the young wife took good care to ascertain that the old man couldn't get the rich widow before beginning her suit. There is not enough incompatibility on earth to induce a miserably old curmudgeon of a husband.

A young man from Cattaraugus County seeks a divorce because he has never seen his wife since their wedding day. After the ceremony she went to change her bridal dress for a travelling costume with which to make a dingy tour, but while he was waiting she sent him word that she would not go with him or see him again. She was an orphan of independent means, and nobody can surmise the reason of her conduct. The husband believes that she is in Europe.

A woman from Stuben County seeks a divorce because her husband broke out into a terrible flow of profanity while trying to put up a stovepipe. She fled from the house, but he left the pipe, and following her to the door, seized her with the most horrible imprecations, concluding with the threat that if she ever returned he would blow the house, the stovepipe and herself to Tophet with dynamite. She did not go back, but made a bee-line for the land of facili divorces.

There are now pending in the Courts of Potter and two other counties of the Pennsylvania northern tier forty-six divorce cases in different stages of litigation. Among those who seek this sort of relief are a Brooklyn physician, a well known actress, the wife of a conspicuous New York politician, the daughter of a prominent New York State preacher and a Lake Erie steamboat captain. Out of twenty-two divorces granted by the Courts of the northern counties of Pennsylvania last month twenty were to people of New York, who came into the State for that special purpose. But New York gets even by marrying hundreds of couples from across the Pennsylvania border, who do not like the strict license law of the Keystone State. That is to say, New York does the marrying and Pennsylvania the divorcing.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it a constitutional disease, and therefore require constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surface of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

—During the winter of 1885-87 a petrified frog was found in a quarry near Elmira, N. Y., which was 2 feet 8 inches in length and weighed over 100 pounds. This is the largest specimen of fossilized frog yet brought to light.

—N. Peck: "I'd have you know, madam, that I have as much right to ventilate my opinions as you have." Mrs. Peck: "But, my dear, your opinions don't need ventilating. They're all wind anyway."

—The officers of the company are: John E. Hudson, president; J. J. Hall, vice president; Melville Eggleston, secretary; W. R. Driver, treasurer.

Each invited guest was presented with a neat souvenir consisting of a spiral coil of the No. 8 copper wire flattened at each end, from which is suspended two

### Talking One Thousand Miles.

The perfection of the science of long distance telephony has been going on for the past five or six years, until an epoch of much interest has finally been reached; that is the perfect transmission of articulate speech for a distance of one thousand miles and over.

We were invited to attend the first public demonstration of this fact on the afternoon of October 18, at the main offices of the Long Distance Division of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, No. 18 Courtland Street, in this city, and with many distinguished lights in the electrical world listened to the distinct conversation that was carried on between that point and the main western office of the company at 105 Quincy Street, in Chicago.

About one hundred guests were assembled in the reception room when the president of the company announced that a cornet solo would first be transmitted from Chicago. Soon forty one receiving telephones in New York gave forth every note of the distant instrument perfectly, then a fannal was attached to a receiver and the sound was heard by those standing near.

Mayor Grant was introduced and entered into conversation with Mayor Washburne, of the city of Chicago.

After the usual "Hello!" he returned the compliments of New York City, on the success of long distance telephony, but had some difficulty in hearing all Mayor Washburne said, because the latter read his speech and neglected to put his mouth close into the transmitter, but otherwise the transmission was perfect.

When Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, was introduced and sat down in front of the telephone and engaged in a conversation with his old friend, Mr. William G. Hubbard, in Chicago, a scene of unusual interest was presented, which evidently gave the inventor much satisfaction. Photography was brought into play at this point, recording, by means of the flash light, a picture of the inventor in the act of talking over a thousand miles of space.

It was in 1876, at the Philadelphia Centennial, in the presence of the Emperor of Brazil and Sir William Thomson, that Prof. Bell first showed the operation of his telephone, having the same Mr. Hubbard as his assistant, who is also believed to be the first person that ever heard speech through the then new instrument.

At the conclusion of the formalities those present were accorded the privilege of testing the line personally. Through the courtesy of Mr. A. S. Hubbard, the expert operator, and Mr. F. A. Pickerner, the chief engineer of construction, we were given an opportunity of trying the line, and conversed perfectly with Mr. Edward H. Lyon, the expert operator in Chicago, and with a representative of the western office of the Scientific American, Mr. G. M. Abbott.

The most noticeable feature was the entire absence of all induction and perfect quiet of the line, also the sharpness of clear-cut quality of the words. The sound appeared to be fifty per cent. less in volume than on short lines, but was otherwise as good.

On one side of the room was a long map showing the direction of the line from New York. It passes by cable under the North River, thence follows highways across the country through Newark, N. J., Easton, Harrisburg, Altoona and Pittsburg, Pa., thence to New Castle, O., South Bend, Ind., and to Chicago. The line is built of two No. 8 hard-drawn copper wires carried along parallel with each other and transposed at certain intervals or crossed diagonally without touching, creating what is termed the electrical balance, which is proof against induction. There are forty-five poles to the mile, each 35 feet high, the total number being 42,750. The distance is 850 miles, and there are 435 pounds of wire to the mile, making a total weight in copper for the circuit of 826,500 pounds. An ordinary circuit for the same distance would weigh but 200,000 pounds. We were told the circumference area of the wire, if laid out to represent a flat surface, would cover 5-10 acres. The company have been but six months in building the extension of the line from Pittsburg westward, and will soon be able to connect Chicago with Milwaukee and other cities. Conversation has been carried on successfully between Chicago and Boston, a distance of about 1,200 miles.

It should be mentioned that an important element in the success of long distance telephony is the improved battery now used for energizing the transmitter, which has the merit of maintaining a nearly uniform electro-motive force of high tension for an extensive period of time. It is an improvement on the well known Fuller battery, and consists in the glass jar a solution of bichromate of soda and sulphuric acid, made as follows: Water, 10 gallons; commercial sulphuric acid, 25 pounds; and bichromate of sodium, 83 pounds. In the bottom of the porous cup is placed mercury, an amalgamated zinc and a saturated solution of common salt. One large plate of carbon forms the other pole.